MEMOIR

OF

CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

STEREOTYPED BY J. CONNER.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY J. EMORY AND B. WAUGH,
For the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the Conference Office, 14 Crosby-street.

J. Collord, Printer.

1831.

roll call

MEMOIR OF

CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

Caroline Campbell, the subject of this memoir, was born at Taunton, on the 19th of February, 1805. She had a good understanding, strong memory, and exquisitely fine feelings; and, from her infancy, was a very interesting child. Her parents could not help noticing many of her actions and observations, because they appeared to them striking, considering her age

When her father was appointed for the Oxford circuit, the superintendent lived at High Wycomb; soon after the family arrived at that town, she was sent to the best school in it, to a lady well qualified for her important situation, as she knew how to study the dispositions of her pupils, and suit her instructions accordingly. Mrs. Guilliam soon noticed the child that was placed under her care, from an observation she made to a lady who was on a visit at her house. "Mrs. Campbell," said she, "has a little girl that is all soul." The lady, turning to her mother, said, "Do not be surprised if this child of yours, that is all soul, should be taken from you." When she came from school, she generally gave her mother the history of what she had read: she was then about five years old.

At Namptwich, (the next circuit to which

they removed,) going to school, she saw at the door of a poor woman's house, a little boy very much afflicted with several wounds in his body: his mother, seeing her frequently stop to look at him, said, "O Miss, this poor child has been a great sufferer from his birth;" she answered, "But he has not a guilty conscience to bear;" which reply very much struck the woman, who told it to a friend of her parents.

From her volatile disposition, she was more than once in danger of losing her life. One day, as she was running on the outside of the rails of a bridge, her frock was caught by a nail, which tore it, and by that means she was extricated; if it had stopped her, she would have been plunged into a rapid river. She was at that time very gay and playful, but, notwithstanding, she frequently felt convictions, and was much afraid of death; she would then make resolutions, and as often break them. The high opinion she had of her mother, made her sometimes say, "If I were but as good as my mamma, I would not be afraid to die."

Their next remove was to Kington, Herefordshire. The summer following, the players visited that place; and although she had heard her parents speak against sinful amusements, yet, so great was her curiosity, that, in returning from school one evening, she stopped at the outside of the house where they were performing, to listen; but when she heard them swear, and stamp, seemingly in a passion, she turned away in disgust, completely cured of any desire to see plays.

The next remove they had was to Gloucester, from which place she was sent with her eldest sister to Bristol to school. The first part of the time she was there, she had her health very well; but, being very delicate, she caught a cold, which terminated in a consumption of the lungs. Her complaint getting worse every day, her governess informed her parents of it, and her father went and took her home.

The Spirit of God continued to strive with her, particularly from the age of eight years; and during the first vacation, while she was at home, being one day very poorly, she began to think how sinful she was, and was much afraid of death, because she thought she was not fit to die. It was then strongly impressed on her mind, that she should not die at that time, nor yet should she leave Gloucester with her parents, but thought she should die at that place. Nothing particularly occurred after this, until she returned to school after the Christmas holidays in 1816. The January following, she was seized with the illness before mentioned, during which, while at school, she suffered much from conviction and the dread of death; and, though very ill, she could not think of neglecting her learning, but continued to pay attention to her lessons as long as she was at all able; but close application, uneasiness of mind, an unwillingness to unbosom herself to any one but her mother, joined to the weak state of her body, made her almost melancholy.

As soon as she was brought home, the best medical advice was had, and she was ordered

to bed, and every thing was done for her recovery that could be thought of, but in vain; it was the will of the Lord to take her. Her mother took the first opportunity she could to inquire of her dear child, what her views were of God and of herself, and whether she thought she was a sinner by nature and practice; and if the Lord should take her, what were her prospects—where did she think she should go? She replied, That she knew she was a sinner, that she was prone to evil, and that she had offended God, and stood in need of pardon; and that she had prayed to the Lord, but could not get an answer. Her mother then told her, that God was holy and just, and that every sin must be pardoned or punished; but that, notwithstanding she was a sinner, there was a way for her to be saved, and yet God could still be just, because Jesus Christ had made an atonement for her, having died for her sins, and rose again for her justification; and that, as she was sorry for her sins, and willing to forsake all evil, she must go to God through Christ, trusting in nothing but his merits, and she would receive pardon through believing: she was thus taught to believe that he had paid the debt for her, and to pray for the assistance of his Spirit. She told her mother, that she did not know that she should be saved through believing. Her mother then quoted that passage, "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." She asked her mother to pray with her and for her, with which request she readily complied; and,

after conversing for some time on the above subject, retired to rest.

The next morning, as soon as she saw her mother, she exclaimed, "O mamma, I am not afraid to die now, for in the night I wrestled with the Lord a long time in prayer; and, glory be to God, it was not in vain, for he answered my prayer, and O, what a change! all was peace; I could rejoice in God my Saviour; these words were applied to me,—

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,'" &c.

From that time she never lost the evidence of her being a child of God. The Bible and hymn book were her constant companions, though she sometimes read other books, as she was fond of reading. She prayed much; for, on all occasions, if her mother was unwell, or if she herself was tempted, she had always recourse to prayer, and was soon delivered. During the first six weeks that she was confined to bed, she enjoyed much of the love of God; and once, when conversing upon Scripture and heavenly subjects, she said, "This almost makes me long to be dissolved and be with the Lord." She took great encouragement from the promises of God, particularly that one, "Fear not, little flock," &c. She fully believed the word of God, and trusted in it.

While confined to her room, she read and meditated on our Lord's last supper with his disciples, and thought it her duty to receive the sacrament. Accordingly, as soon as she was able, she went to the table, and continued to go

whenever that ordinance was administered and she could attend.

She also signified a wish to join the society, and, after having met a few times, was proposed at a leaders' meeting, received, and met in her mother's class, because she could speak more freely to her than to any other person; for, when they were alone together, she would open her mind, and tell her all her little past childish follies, her temptations, and her very thoughts, and say, "Now, mamma, you know all my heart, you are my confidant." She used to say, "How thankful I am, that my parents restrained me when young, or else I might have been very wicked! I thank them for correcting me."

The first time that she was attacked with violent spasms, she thought that she was dying. Her father was then at Tewkesbury: she wished much to see him, and said, "He is a good father to me, but if I should not see him, tell him that I am gone to glory." At another time, thinking she was near death, she sent for her father, and took an affectionate leave of him, and of a friend of his, and told them she thought that she was going to heaven. Her father said, "You are not dying now, my dear."

She exhorted her sister to be in earnest in seeking the Lord, and to be obedient to her parents. She was very fond of her brother Robert, and said, if her death could be the means of his conversion, she could willingly die for him. All her brothers and sisters were dear to her; but, I suppose, she felt the most for him because he was the oldest. She reco-

vered from that attack, and went on seeking and serving the Lord.

One time, finding her mind rather dull, and not quite so much alive to God as she had been, she did not rest satisfied, but cried to the Lord, and wrestled with him in prayer, until he graciously manifested himself to her, and enabled her to rejoice in Christ her Saviour. As she was not able to go down stairs, the class met that night in her room. She then praised God for what he had done for her soul, and declared that she was resigned to his will, whether life or death was allotted to her. All that met in the class can testify how clearly she spoke her experience, and thanked God for her affliction.

At another time, when her mother asked her the state of her mind, she answered, "I am happy;" her mother then inquired from what cause her happiness proceeded; she replied, "From a sense of the favour of God." She was asked if she hated sin, and she said, "O yes." Her conscience, indeed, was very tender; for, on one occasion, when she spoke rather hastily to a little girl that sometimes waited on her, immediately she asked her pardon; and, fearing she had sinned, she humbled herself before God.

She seldom spoke her experience to those who came to see her; but one day, her mother said to her, "My dear, when I tell people of your happiness, perhaps they will hardly credit me, if you do not say any thing:" Her reply was, "Never mind if no one knows it, but God and ourselves." I shall just mention one more proof of her sincerity. One evening, just be-

fore class was to meet, she requested her mother to speak to her first, that, in case her experience should be like any other person's in the room, they might not think, because she was a child, that she had borrowed it of them. I believe she had no need to think that, for the members of the class were delighted to meet with her, and were both pleased and profited by what she said.

One day, as her mother sat in her sick chamber conversing with her, she observed to her, how good the Lord was in sparing her so long; when she answered, "He is: for I was ignorant of the things of God, even when I came home. It is true, I soon had the fear of death taken from me; but I know more of God now, than I did then." In speaking of the other children, her mother said, "You know what line upon line they have, and yet they continue the same;" she said, "The Spirit of God must convince them."

She took notice that, generally, when she opened the Bible to read, she met with those words, "Watch ye, for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh;" and I believe she did watch. Once, when conversing on the subject of death, she said, she wondered how it would be with her at that period. Her mother replied, "Let us live to God now, and *he* will take care of us in a dying hour;" which was verified in her case. She then said, "I feel that I love God now; and if I continue in his love I shall be saved."

At one time she said, "A kind of dread comes

over me;" but added, "Perhaps it is owing to my animal spirits." At that time, and in every trying season, she poured out her fervent prayers to God, who is ever ready and willing to answer the petitions of those that call upon him sincerely. She used to say to her mother, "O mamma, how I love you to pray with me!" and when thus engaged, the mother, as well as the child, found it delightful. Her mother used sometimes to read to her; and, one Sunday evening, read Dr. Watts's Sermons on the happiness of separate spirits, and at the same time desired her daughter to examine herself, to know if she had all the marks of a Christian; observing, that before we take a promise to ourselves, we should know that we are the characters to whom it is made, and then we may claim it as our own. Having received a satisfactory answer, she then said, "You may now take all the consolation afforded in the sermon." She was very much pleased with Mr. Bradburn's sermon, called "*The eternal Home of the Good.*"

The Friday before she died, she was taken very ill, and suffered much pain. On Saturday night, the servant asked her if she wanted any thing; and she said, "Nothing but to die." About midnight she said, "In patience possess ye your souls; I am trying to possess mine in patience, or I could cry out, my pain is so great."

On Sunday, she was asked if she had been praying; and she said, she had been praying for a greater nearness to God; and looking at her mother, she said, "How glad I am that I

am going first, for I could not bear the thought of your death; but you will soon follow me." Her mother said, "When I think of your dear father, and the other dear children, I must say, that I should like to continue a little longer with them." She said, "Yes, but twenty years is but a short time; if the Lord will permit me, I will come and see you." Her mother said, "I should be afraid to see you." "What," she said, "afraid to see me, mamma?" At one time, she said, "I think I am cleansed from all sin:" at another time, "My Jesus hath done all things well," &c.—"Search and prove my heart," and,

"My Jesus to know,
And feel his blood flow,
'Tis life everlasting, 'tis heaven below," &c.

She said, these words were impressed on my mind, "This day shalt thou be with me in glory." She was asked if she knew the occasion of the words. She replied, "Yes; they were what our Lord said to the thief on the cross;" but, one said, it was *paradise*: "Yes," said she, "but I say *glory*."

On Monday night, her sufferings were very great, with violent spasms, and breathing as short as possible. At one time, she said, "What can I do?" and then answering herself, she said, "Bear it with patience becoming a servant of the Lord." A young friend, who sat up with her, said, "My dear, your pain is very great," she answered, "Yes, but the Lord is merciful; I am thankful; he is a precious Jesus."

About four o'clock on Tuesday morning she was very cold, and began to draw near her end; and about five, her mother said to her, "My dear, you will soon be at rest; the Lord will soon take you to himself:" she said, "Yes, he told me so, and I am glad of it." Then, looking at the servant, she said, "Good bye, Betty." She likewise took leave of all in the room by name, and asked her father to kiss her: to her sister, she said, "Remember what I said to you:" her mother then said, "Will you not bid your precious mother *good bye?*" Her answer was, "We shall meet again; give my love to the children, and tell them their sister Caroline bids them farewell, and also all the friends." Then she added, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Once I was an atom of dust, but soon I shall be a saint in glory." Seeing all around her weeping, she said, "What are all these tears for?—a soul escaping to heaven!" A little time after, she said, "This is death." One said to her, "Death is the gate of life to the believer." She soon after said, "Death has lost its sting—death has lost its sting." Her father said, "You are not going now perhaps,"—not thinking her quite so near her end. "How do you know?" said the dear child, and then looked at her nails; she asked for a little water, and to be raised to take it; she just tasted it and then laid down on her side, shut her eyes, clasped her hands, and prayed, quietly moving her lips till her hands dropped, and breathing two long breaths, expired, sensible to the last minute.

So died this most affectionate child, on Tuesday the 7th of April, 1818, aged 13 years and two months. She was buried on the Tuesday following, in the chapel of Gloucester, under the communion table. She chose her bearers, and the text, which was the 71st verse of the 119th psalm, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." She chose three hymns: the first was,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm," &c.

The second,

"The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats,
As fearless of the evening cold," &c.

The third,

"Hark! a voice divides the sky,—
Happy are the faithful dead,
In the Lord who sweetly die!
They from all their toils are freed," &c.

The corpse was taken into the chapel, and Mr. Williams preached a sermon from the text chosen, to a large congregation, read the funeral service, and buried her,—which closed the mournful scene.

WATCH!

BY THE LATE JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

Life is a sea,—how fair its face,
How smooth its dimpling waters pace,
  Its canopy how pure!
But rocks below, and tempests sleep,
Insidious, o'er the glassy deep,
  Nor leave an hour secure.

Life is a wilderness,—beset
With tangling thorns, and treach'rous net,
  And prowl'd by beasts of prey.
One path alone conducts aright,
One narrow path, with little light;
  A thousand lead astray.

Life is a warfare,—and alike
Prepared to parley, or to strike,
  The practised foe draws nigh.
O hold no truce! less dangerous far
To stand, and all his phalanx dare,
  Than trust his specious lie.

Whate'er its form, whate'er its flow,
While life is lent to man below,
  One duty stands confest,—
To watch incessant, firm of mind,
And watch where'er the post assign'd,
  And leave to God the rest.

'Twas while they watch'd, the shepherd swains
Heard angels strike to angel strains
  The song of heavenly love:
Blest harmony! that far excels
All music else on earth that dwells,
  Or e'er was tuned above.

'Twas while they watch'd, the sages traced
The star that every star effaced
  With new and nobler shine:

They follow'd, and it led the way
To where the infant Saviour lay,
And gave them light divine.

'Twas while they watch'd, with lamp in hand,
And oil well stored, the virgin band
The bridal pomp descried;
They join'd it,—and the heavenly gate,
That oped to them its glorious state,
Was closed on all beside.

Watch! watch and pray! in suffering hour
Thus he exclaim'd, who felt its power,
And triumph'd in the strife.
Victor of death! thy voice I hear:
Fain would I watch with holy fear,
Would watch and pray through life's career,
And only cease with life.

HYMN.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
If the Saviour is my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.